A DAY WITH AHOTEL CLERK. FROM DAYLIGHT TO MIDNIGHT IN

THE HOFFMA HOUSE OFFICE. The Awakening-Finks for No. 18-Saved

from the Sharp's-A Few Distinguished Gueste-Cabby ind the Englishman-A Little Trick-se Travelled Alone. The gilded figres which stand out upon

the stunning terreotta walls of the Hoffman House corridor aver looked down upon quite so lonely a scen as is presented just before so lonely a seep as is presented just before the dawn of the otel day. The small army of scrub women he washed, rinsed, and polished the marble bor until the square slabs reflect the white ays of the electric lights like so many separated nirrors. The bell boys lounge drowsity in this seats. The night clerk nods behind the relater, and the hands of the big clock move slepily around their course. The house is apply around the rattling of the sarly morning wagons over the the early morning wagons over the Broadway avements penetrates the slumamosphere faintly, like snores heard at a datance. This cannot last forever. The clock trikes the hour of 6 with a provoking clatter. The clerk rubs his eyes and mechanically glames over the register. The bell boys straighter themselves up with a jerk. The lights apitter and fizz and then blaze out again more gialingly than before. The street noises become harper, and a step at the foot of the

stairs wakens the schoes into life.

The extrance of Chief Clerk Wall breaks the charm. The business of the day dispels the dream of the dawn.

Yes, sir."

"Front."

"Yes, sir."

"Got of 37 and wake the gentleman up."
"John waked 'im half an hour ago, sir."

"Now mind, do as I tell you."

"Yessir."

The night clerk explains what has occurred stace Mr. Wall retired, gives him some necessary memoranda, and retires to his room to resume his nap. The day force of bell boys, porters, and watchmen file into the corridor from the Twenty-fourth street entrance where their names have been jotted down by the time-keeper, and the corridor begins to assume an air of activity. Some guests, who are booked for early trains, are coming down for their breakfasts, and the baggage room becomes a scene of impressive liveliness as the porters wanted. The cashier finds his hands full of business, and the bell boys are kept constantly en the jump between the office and the door.

"Drinks for No. 12."

"What did they order?" asks Mr. Wall of the youth who brings the message.

"A cyclone pulverizer and a tonsul tickler,"
"A cyclo

"What is the matter, Mr. Brown?"
"There must be some mistake about this."
"It was addressed to you, wasn't it?"
"Yes. It was addressed to John Jacob Brown, eare Hoffman House. Is there asy one else of that name stopping here?"
"No, Mr. Brown. It must be for you."
"That's what I thought, but there surely is some mistake about it."
"How so?"
"It is from a woman. She says because in

Some mistake about it."

"How so?"

"It is from a woman. She says her name is Mra. Mary Steffins, and before she was married she was Mary Peterson. She says she is living on Sixteenth atreet, and wants me to call. She knew me well when she was a girl."

"Well. do you know, I never heard of any Peterson's in Millbank? Never was one of the family there that I know of."

"Does she ask you for money?"

"No, indeed." This indignantly, "Why should she? She has separated from her husband, but it wasn't her fault, and she wants to see me to talk ever old times. What makes it more strange is that this is the second lefter I have got from a strange woman since I came here yesterday. Last night I got a note from a lady who keeps a manicure parlor on Sixth avenue, asking me to call on her. I don't see how so many folks know that I am in town. I didn't see my name in the paper this morning."

"I can easily exclain that, Mr. Brown." replies Mr. Wall, repressing with an effort an inclination to smile.

"Well?"

"Cone to think of it, there was another John J. Brown here yesterday. He only left last night. He travels for a manicure goods house, and I suppose the letters are for him. If you will give them to me I will save them for him until he comes back."

Mr. Brown hands over the perplexing misstee, and Mr. Wall drops them into the waste

and i suppose the letters are for him. If you will give them to me I will save them for him until the comes back."

Mr. Brown hands over the perplexing missives, and Mr. Wall drops them into the waste paper basket. He has saved one unsophisticated tourist from the wiles of two of those sharpers who seek daily in the leading hotel registers for fresh victims. It wouldn't have been wise to have explained to Mr. Brown the evident purpose of his unknown correspondents. It would have touched his pride, and besides that the good name of the hotel might have suffered slightly. Mr. Wall is warr, and Mr. Wall is discreet. Otherwise, Mr. Wall would not be the child clerk of the oig New York hotel. This stout man, not over stylishly attired, wearing a slouch hat, could after to outdress any of the glided youths in that gay party just stepping out of the gorgoous barroom and have enough money left in his pockets to buy drinks for the entire hotel without leapardizing his return railroad ticket. He is Senator J. P. Jones of Nevada, one of the bonanza members of the upper House at Washington. He does not come to New York, however, to shine as a dude. His visit is dusiness. So Mr. Wall thinks, for he has been asked a score of times during the morning when Senator Jones wall de hi town. It is a singular last that more men inquire after Senator Jones than after any other guest that the house ever shelters. He makes appointments, seemingly, with everybody and one or two besides, days before his arrival, and his office is in the modest suite of rooms he occupies on the fourth floor of the hostelry.

"Is Senator Jones than after any other guest that the house ever shelters. He makes appointments, seemingly, with everybody and one or two besides, days before his arrival, and his office is in the modest suite of rooms he occupies on the fourth floor of the hostelry.

"Is senator Jones than after any other guest that the house ever shelters. He makes appointments, seemingly, with everybody and one or two besides days before his arriv

little bow.

Of course, Miss Jones, that would not be re-

"When little Tolling to the Tolling

little bow.

"Of course, Miss Jones, that would not be required in this case. But I really am straid that we cannot give you just the style of rooms that you want. Now, we have a smail that befroom on the top—but of course that would not suit you. To-morrow, or possibly the day after, I may be able to find you a suite. You should have telegraphed us in advance. Of course you didn't think of that. Quite unfortunate. If you have any Iriends in the hotel, hise Jones, perhaps you might arrange to stay with them until such a time as we can arrange matters."

Miss Jones has no such friends. Indeed, sho is almost an entirestranger in the city, and the proffered offer is declined just as the wary Mr. Wall meant that it should be.

The day has become evening and the evening night, but the life in the office his continued with undiminished activity. Mr. Wall has answered a thousand and odd questions upon a thousand and odd various topics and a little weary, but still on duty, is ready to answer more. The guests are beginning to return from the theatres, the case is silling up with supper parties, and sounds of reveiry indicate that the barroon is not devoid of excitement. A tall youth, with a patronizing air and an utterance silently thickened by an evenings convival enjoyment, is standing at the office counter. Dozens of men are coming and going.

"By the way, Wall, I was at the Bliou to-night." When does the next Philadelphia train leave?"
These and a dozen different queries are put to Mr. Wall in rapid succession by a dozen different guesta. Breaklast is almost over, it an a la carte breaklast can ever be said to be over, and the morning rush is at its height. The bussengers from incoming and the passengers to outgoing trains bump against each other; bell boys elbow bell boys; porters jostle baggage against other porters similarly employed, and the air is filled with a largon of sounds that would have put poor little Babel quite to the blush.

"Good morning, Mr. Wall."
"Good morning, Colonel; I hope you are feeling well to-day."
"Thank you. I've nothing to complain of. Have you seen Mr. Siokes this morning?"
"He left town last evening for Washington."
"The stout questioner, who is none other than Col. Robert G. Ingersoil, turns away from the counter and greets the owner of a fine-looking dog which has been creating no little excitement by anapping at the hoels of a busy porter who had wheeled a baggage truck too near his forward toes. The owner's name is Dwight Townsend. He and the Colonel are eld friends, and arm in arm they sauster out of the corridor.

"By the way, Mr. Wall, can I ask a favor of

the corridor.

"By the way, Mail, I was at the Bijou tonight."

"By the way, Mail, I was at the Bijou tonight."

"You' "It's a mere trille, I want you to cash a check
for \$100 for me."

"Awfully sorry, Major, but I'm afraid I
can't.

The Major's face reddens. He did noilexpect a refusal,

"You certainly know me, Mr. Wall," he remarks with dignity.

"Certainly Major. But there are different
ways of knowing a man, and there are various
degrees of inlinacy, I know you are Major
Wilson of Chicago, I know you are Major
Wilson of Chicago, I know you are Major
Wilson of Chicago, I know you ware Major
Worm little Tommy French. You will go dewell as the Bijou tonight."

"Yes? Hope you enjoyed yourself, Lost
your key. Sorry for that. Will get you a new
one to-morrow."

"Here's your writing paper, Mr. Brown.

Four stamps, did you say? Got them at the
newstand.

"As the curiain rose at the—"

"As the curiain rose at the—"

"As the curiain rose at the—"

"As the curiain rose at the may be a beathen. Colonel, He
will take your hast dollar and ask for more."

"At the second act, when—"

"Front, show this gentleman to 95."

When little Tommy French. You will go deware the Mill of the way. Wall, I was at the Bijou tonight."

"Yes? Hope you enjoyed yourself. Lost
your key. Sorry for that. Will get you a new
one to-morrow."

"Here's your writing paper. Mr. Brown.

Four stamps, did you say? Got them at the
newstand.

"As the curiain rose at the—"

"As the curiain rose at the more

"As the curiain rose at the more

"As the curiain rose at the mean the
newstand."

"As the curiain rose at the mean the
new The Major's face reddens. He did notlexpect a retusal.

You certainly know me, Mr. Wall," he remarks with diguity.

"Certainly, Major. But there are different ways of knowing a man, and there are various degrees of intimacy. I know you are Major Wilson of Chicago. I know you very well; but now that you speak of that check it seems to me that I don't know you quite so well as I did when we were talking about the theatre last night. But, "he continues, pleasantly, "I have no objections to knowing you better and if you can find any other Chicago gentleman whom we do know intimately well, who will endorse your check. I think then we may become real cld friends."

At first the Major is disposed to be angry, but the Major is a business man and knows that the clerk of a hotel who cashes a check is responsible for the money advanced. In a few minutes his surliness disappears, and upon the arrival of a Chicago millionaire in the corridor, with whom he is acquainted the only

the arrival of a Chicago millionaire in the corridor, with whom he is acquainted, the only formula requisite to make Mr. Wall's financial acquaintance is speedily arranged.

"Many thanks, Mr. Wall," remarks the Major, as he places the roll of bills in his wallet.

"Now won't you join us in the barroom?"

"Just as much obliged, Major, but you see we have a perfect system here and I can't take a drink without disarranging things. Some shartime—telegraph office lower down the



sicep, and if you can suit the Colonel you will suit mo."

After registering they go into the café for their dinner. They will spend the evening at a theatre and go home to-morrow. Their visit is one of pleasure and business mixed.

No one in the corridor paid any particular attention to this stout, black-whiskered man who has just followed the Governor into the refectory. An ordinary guest they probably thought He is not a guest at all. He is Richard Croker, one of the magnates of Tammany Haill. He seats himself opposite the Governor at a small side table, and after a few minutes' conversation he leaves. Others follow his example. The Chief Executive of the Empire State has begun mingling business with his pleasure early in the day.

It is Mr. Smith for whom the cashier inquired a short time ago.

Mr. Wall pulls the decoy envelope from the letter box.

"Some mistake, Mr. Smith. This is only a blank envelope. By the way, Mr. Smith."

Mr. Smith turns.

I think the cashier wants to see you a minute about a matter of business.

The trick has been successful, and Mr. Smith departs a wiser and less wealthy man.

Front! Send Mr. Jacobs to me."

Mr. Jacobs, a small man with a stolid face, expressive of nothing save an absolute distate of everything conductive to mental action, appears, The clerk whispers to him, and nods to a stylishly dressed young man who has been deeply engrossed in the lower end of the corridor in talk with a middle-aged guest from a back county. Mr. Jacobs nods in reply, and walks listlessly to the pair. He taps the young man a the shoulder and retires with him to another part of the hail. A moment later they return. The young man bids his eiderly friend adiou, pleading urgent business ciswhere, and hastily departs. Mr. Jacobs is the hotel detective. He has just dismissed a confidence man, and another guest of the hotel has been saved from a costly lesson in experience.

"A lady in the parlor would like to see the clerk." So says the bell boy, and in response to the aummon. Mr. Wall fellows. other place. If his old friend happens to want anything in his line, why, of course, he has the best, and on the most advantageous terms. When he gots out West his many mercantile friends there hall him with joy, for they know that he can give then lots of good, trustworthy news about the prospects of war in Europe, and consequent increased demands for American products and resultant better times. Some good jokes at the same time he is sure to crack, and if they really want anything in his line, why, of course, be has, &c. And when he gets away down Sonth, who so well as he knows what solid encouragement of Northern enterprise and capital invested for the development of Southern resources is contomplated, who else tells so many fresh and racy stories, and, as it just happens, who else has such a line of goods?

Considerate of all men's hobbles; sympathetic with all women's fancies; patient with bores; politic with cranks; skifful in adapting himself to the humor and the comprehension of all he meets; equally at home in discussion of literature, history, art, science, prophecy, philosophy, politics, cuttery, and even the tariff, he is a welcome guest in not only the stores, but the homes of business men in every city, town, village, and hamilet on this continent.

And knowing well that it is not only, in the words of the bailed. "sweet to be remembered," but likewise good business to keen himself from being forgotten, he has various ingenious ways of reminaling his many friends and customers, in the months that necessarily elapse between his visits, that he is far too wise for that. No taint of business contaminates the flowers of fond recollection that he strews abroad. Here is one thing that he does, by way of illustration: Every wear he sends out saveral thousand charming and humorous New Year's cards. He designs them annually, and his good friend Jos. Reppler, the famous cartoonist, finishes them up in the best style of his art. They are always happy hite at some popular subject or topic.

But he does much m saved from a costly lesson in experience.

"A lady in the parlor would like to see the clerk." So says the bell boy, and in response to the summens Mr. Wall follows him to the ladies' waiting room. The lady is young, richly dressed, and pretty. She rises and greets Mr. Wall with a winning simile.

"Are you the clerk? Well, I should like to engage two rooms, I want nice rooms, and large. I may have some iriends to see me."

"Are you travelling alone.?"

"Yes, I irequently travel alone. I just left a party of friends in Washington, and want to spend a lew days here." les. I requestify travel mone. I just left a party of friends in Washington, and want to spend a lew days here."
Here Mr. Wall's wariness stands out like the circulation affidavit of a Sunday paper. It becomes at once his chief characteristic. Mr. Wall knows that it is not the usual thing for handsome young women to travel alone, and he also knows that such guests, however desirable they may be in private families, are not the most desirable guests a big hotel can have. But Mr. Wall does not say this much to her. Mr. Wall as has been observed before, is a hotel clerk of rare discretion. He respectfully jots down her name and address.

"I'm very much airaid, Miss Jones, that we have no such rooms as you would require vacant just now."

"I can pay well for them. I can pay you in advance," such hastens to say.

Mr. Wall makes a little bow—a deferential little bow.

"Of course, Miss Jones, that would not be re-

But he does much more than that. When in the course of his wide and varied reading, either as he travels or at home, he comes across an article that will interest somebody among his business acquaintances hundreds of miles away, he promotly mails it to him, with his compliments personally, and without saving anything about his new line of goods.

If he hears, or invents, a new and peculiarly good coaundrum, or riddle, or story, he at once sends it to those who he knows will appreciate it. The conundrum, or riddle, he not infrequently telegraphs, and if its recipients fait to guess the proper answer, he telegraphs that too. As for the stories, he often has them set up in type and sends out proof silos of them. They are slaways humorous, and have good point to them, so that they are giadly welcomed by his friends as reluxations from Dusiness thoughts and cares. As for the stories, he often has them set up in type and sends out proof slies of them. They are niways humorous, and have good point to them, so that they are giadly welcomed by his friends as relaxations from business thoughts and carces.

Every trip that Mr. Witte takes is made the occasion for introducing knowledge of some novel or pretty thing, or some practical joke occasion for introducing knowledge of some novel or pretty thing, or some practical joke contrivance that shall be entirely new in the section of the country to which he goes. One thing that did him good service was a brown sitraw paper, saturated with some chemical that caused it, when limited, to hum slowly and create the most beautiful fornike forms of its assless. Ladless and children were always delighted with it, and even the most practical business men could not be insensible to its fantastic charm. Unhappily the invanior of it, who lived over in Heboken, has died, and his secret was lost with him. Mr. Witte used the last bit of it that he had left to show to This Sun's reporter, and it was certainly very pretty. One of the Drum Major's favorite materials for practical jokes was an imported with infrate of potash, strontia, and perhaps something elso, which, when ignited, would go off with a great blaze and even more startling suddenness than so much gun cotton. No victim who was ever induced to make a cigarcite with that paper, and light it, will be likely over to lorgest the circumstance.

Another thing that Mr. Witte always carries with him is a piet of some sort. One season he carried a harmless and protty glass snake; another him during the protty glass snake; another him the pretty little and the word of command, so that they were the objects of no small amount of intorest wherever he went. He is now out on the road, carrying in one of his breast pockets a flying squirred that is held by a slender silken collar and a delicate gold chain. The practy little animal is very tamo, and ireaching the subject of the substantial orders whe

here sir."

"Well, I thought I would die laughing, when Tornmy—"

"Sorry, old man, can't go out just now. You know our perfect system, and—"

"When Tommy fell asieen and—"

"When Tommy fell asies and and—"

"Here is your washing list. Yes, you can get your clothes to-morrow night."

"And rolled off the chair. It made an—"

"No train to Chicago before morning. Shall I put you down for a call at 6?"

"Awful row. Funny, wasn't it?"

"Awfully. First door to the left, down stairs—inny. Can't just now; perfect system, you know—very funny. Ha' lin!"

It is midnight. The story and Mr. Wall's day have come to a simultaneous end. He will now put into practice that part of his perfect system which includes a good night's rest. Bystems must have rest as well as men, and Mr. Wall has earned the right to sleep as soundly and snore as loudly as he pleases.

THE TRADE DRUM MAJOR.

THE TRADE DRUM MAJOR BY THE TRADE TRA queer and exceedingly ingenious tilings. Each one represents a group of from four to seven figures, human and animal, each of which has distinct motions peculiar to itself, and all working at the same time; old women who rock cradles; young women who spin, pour out heer, milk cows, and filt; does that bark, parrots that feed, ents that scratch their necks; flies, bees, and butterflies that crawl, flutter their wings, and preen themselves; donleys that kick, men who do various things, and all these working simultaneously, with their respective motions produced in a very realistic way.

And his little show winds up with an exhibition of the "megaletoscopio," an instrument brought by him from Venice, which presents photographic views of large size, with great beauty and effectiveness. Some of the views are so contrived as, by the instantaneous change of their fillumination, to undergo surprising transformations for the realistic presentation of volcanic cruptions, confingrations, pyrotechnic displays, &c. This part of his entertainment never lails to delight every one, young and old, and, as he has a vast number of pictures for it, to which he is constantly making additions, its interest is ever fresh at every recurrent visit of his customers. Not a little of its attractiveness too, is the lecture with which he accompanies it. Of course the drum-major and his show are inseparable in the remembrances of all who ever visit it. They go away and talk about him and it for months, until he comes again to their towns, when he is a gladiv welcomed guest at their tables and firesides. The women and children are all on his side, and what chance has any business rival to compete with him for the trade of the husbands and fathers?

Fashionable Materials and Dresses.

Fashienshie Materials and Bresses.

From the London Standard.

This is the season for the introduction of new materials. For the early drawing room the choice in velvets, moirós, brocades, and slik generally is large, many being not in reality novelities, but revivals of the stuffs our grandmothers delighted in: such as the chief moirós covered with those delicately timed little bouquists which have such a charmingly soft appearance. One is in a new shade of blue, which is somewhat difficult to describe accurately in words, for it is neither blue, green, nor gray, and is yet all three, for in some lights it is gray, in others green, and in others blue, the last predominating. Blue will be the chief color this season, not those dreulfully crude, garish blues which set one's moral teeth on edge, and cause an irrepressible shudder, but lovely soft tones of color, with gray, green, and faintest pink shades discernible in them. In velvet some of the new blues are really beautiful, as also when they form the ground of brocades and moirés.

The new Irish brocaded poplins are very handsome, and made in all the latest colors, those innumerable balf tones which are the delight of the artistic soul. In honor of the aliver woulding year silver is largely infroduced into many of this season's materials, brocades having their designs expressed in eliver.

In dressing young girls French taste is far betore our own in simplicity. French mathers never commit the mistake of over-trimming their daughters' dresses; their nore while toilets in gauze, tulle, net muslin, and soft silk are always chairmingly designed. One model is composed entirely of gauze said watered ribbon; the skirt is arranged in full pleats all around; over this is a second skirt, also set in full to the walst; this is raised high on the loft side at the back; the bodice is full. drawn in at the walst by a watered silk sash, with bows on the left side, the rounded neck having rosettes of the gauze planed close together all round it; loops of watered ribbon are

The rougher styles of cloth of the blanketing character are less seen, however, than formerly, as they are being gradually roplaced by softer stuffs of woolilor nature, which are light in weight and texture, yet warm, and are therefore very comfortable wear. For mantles and opera cloaks there are some beautful new matelasses, and Genoa velvets for those to whom price is no particular object. Some velvets, with several narrow stripes togother of the velvet and a wider stripe between of satin make up well. Combinations of material in short lackets are fashionable. A pleasing example, recently seen, was of brown plush and tan cloth, the sieeves of the plush, with cuffs of cloth and plush let into the back and front with braidings, in fine slik braid, on either side and round the high plush collar and cuffs.

From the Philadelphia Press.
Congressman William L. Scott told a friend Congressman William L. Scott told a friend some time ago that the only use he had for eating was to give him a chance to smoke a cigar afterward. This is strikingly like an expression attributed to the late President Buchanan, who said he liked a glass of whiskey because it made the ice water taste so good. Mr. Buchanan's cook to make his cigars enjoyable, and Mr. Buchanan's friends who went to the White House always found plenty of fairly good seasoning for their ice water.

tain vineyards, or districts, are celebrated for the excellence of their wine grapes, and the grapes from these particular vineyards are sometimes carried to cities distant several days' journey.

The Cholar grapes grow in vineyards four days' march from Shiraz, and are so highly valued for wine making that there is no end of rivalry and intrigue among the Shiraz nobles to obtain them. The grapes are packed in pannier baskets called lodahs. Each lodah holds anywhere from 100 to 300 pounds of grapes, two of the leaser size being a donkey load, and the larger a camel's.

I strived in Persia in the middle of the grape season, and shortly after reaching Teheran became an interested spectator of the process of making wine there. The house in which I spentthe winter belonged to Mr. N——, a member of the Persian. Telegraph Department. It was a native-built house, with a square courtyard in the centre. One of the first things that awakened my curiosity was three huge earth-cuware jars standing in a row on one side of the compound. They were jars that stood as high as a man's shoulder, and bellied out much in the shape of slender barrels. Each vessel held about thirty-five gallons.

"What are they for—to hold rain water?" was the natural query that suggested itself to me, "No," said N——, "they are wine jars, regular old Persian wine jars, that were in use 2,000 years ago."

"But not these same jars—2,000 years?"

"No, not exactly; but those three jars have probably had wine fermanted in them every season for the last hundred years." He then went on to explain further about the jars.

The Persians believe that these wine jars immore with age, just as the wine itself does, and that better wine can be made in old jars than in new once. A wine jars hundred years." He then went on to explain further about the jars. The model of the wine with age, just as the wine itself does, and that better wine can be made in old jars than in new once. A wine jars hundred years, old is worth several times more than a new one, not because of

seasoned vessel. Good wine, they say, cannot be made in new jars; the older the jars the better the wine.

The Mohammedan injunction against the making and drinking of intoxicants has had the effect of making sad hypocrites of three-fourths of the upper class Persians. Even the molishs and seyuda get drunk in secret, but openly they not only do not indulge, but they profess to regard those who do so with abhorrence. When the wine-making season arrives there is as much wire pulling and diplomacy employed among the Persians to make wine on the quiet, without iccurring a scandal, as there is here in a political cameaign.

The great scheme among the nobles of Teheran is to get in with some European who wishes to make wine for himself, and by going haives with him secure a supply for their own use. This is a very advantageous arrangement for both parties, if you get the right kind of a Persian. If he is an old resident of the place, and a connoisseur of grapes and wine, as a large proportion of the better class of Persians are, he is a valuable partner to have. He knows where the best grapes are to be obtained, all about making the wine by the old Persian process, and will come in handy in many ways. You on your partshield him from the scandal of making wine in his own house, or on his own behalf. If anybody comes in, the Persian partner is merely a visitor, an interested on-hooker: when the intruder leaves, he blossoms at once into the knowing superintendent and expert.

on his own behalf. If anybody comes in the Persian partner is merely a visitor, an interested on-looker; when the intruder leaves, he blossoms at once into the knowing superintendent and expert.

Such a partner Mr. N— was fortunate in finding in the person of Mollah Agha Hassan— or, to be more correct, Mollah Agha Hassan— on the view. The interview took place that afternoon and ended laworably.

Mollah Hassan had hoard that N—— intended to brew wine, and was desirous of becoming a secret partner to the transaction. He would share half the expense, and superintend the making of the wine. When it was made he was to take half.

The next day N—— and Hassan and I rode out to a big vineyard near Guleck, in the foot hills of the Elburz Mountains, to pick out the necessary quantity of grapes. Hassan said it was best to buy them on the vines and leave them there until were ready for them. We found the vineyard enclosed within substantial mud walls twenty feet high. A liftle stream of waiter flowed beneath an opening in the wall at one side, and cut again on the other. The water was used for irrigating the vines.

Instead of being trained up posts or trellis work, the vines were rialling over long ridges of dry earth. The soil of the vineyard was piled up in long mounds or ridges about four feet high. The vines were rising of the content by the oblique rays of the sun, which are supposed to be better for the grapes than direct rays.

Noveral varieties of grapes were in the vineyard were the vines, and in the vineyard over or the ridges of the vineyard were the vines, and the surface and handed to us by the vinager for the sulface fr



No tongue nor pen can do justice to the esteem in which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands where lives have been made (two hundred deliars) and an immense amount of our cappy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching

with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautiter, prepared from it externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Parifier, internally, ours every form of skin and lood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Having been a sufferer for two years and a half from a disease caused by a bruise on the leg and having been cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other methods and remedies falled. I doem it my duty to recommend them. I visited Hot Springs to ne avail, and tried several doctora without success, and at last our principal drugrist, Mr. John F. Finlay (to whom I shall ever feel grateful), spoke to me about CUTICURA, and I consented to give feetly cured. There is now no sore about me. I think I can show the largest surface where my sufferngs sprang from of any one in the State.

ALEXANDER BEACH, Greenville, Miss.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 80c.: SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. sar Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, illustrations, and 100 testimonfals.

IRISH IMMIGRATION THIS YEAR.

It is Not Belloved that it Will Me Larger than it was Last. Somebody, possibly simply with a view to

exciting Mayor Hewitt, has set affoat in the press a paragraph to the effect that the immiration from Ireland is to assume during the present year enormous and heretofore un-heard-of proportions. To boister up that promise, the statement goes with it-like a chromo companies," the Huntington and Beaver lines, are to put on fleets of steamships to ply between Queenstown and this country. The New York agents of the Beaver line pro-

test emphatically against theirs being considered a new line, and against having any such intentions as are alleged. They say: "Ours is a Canadian line, and has been in operation for rears. running steamships between Liverpool and Montreal in the months between April and November. During a couple of winters past we have run fo Boston and New York, but only in the winter, and we do not contemplate any change in that regard. We have never stopped at Queenstown, and, so far as is known here, have no intention of doing so. We carry passengers, it is true, to a limited extent, but ours is mainly a freight line, and we know of no reason for anticipating any such greatly increased demand for transportation this year as to induce us to make any changes in our system."

The limitington line is a new one, is understood to belong to the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company, and is to be run as a direct feeder to the C. P. Huntington railroad system in the South and Southwest, landing its pasengers at Newport News. It is not looked upon by steamship people as being at all inspired by any saticipation of enormous inyears, running steamships between Liverpoo

fering. My disease (Psoriaris) commonced on my head in a spot not larger than a cent. It spread nails. The scales would drop off of me all the relief. One themsand dellars would not tempt me to have this disease over again. I am a poor man, doctors said was leprosy, some ringworm, peorisals, Ac. I took . . . and . . . Sarsaparillas over one year and a half, but no cure I went to two or three doctors, and no cure. I cannot praise the CUTICURA REMEDIES too much. They have made my skin as clear and free from scales as a baby's. All I used of them was three boxes of CUTICURA, and three bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and two cakes of CUTICURA SOAP. If you had been here and said you would have cured me for \$500, here and said you would have cured me for 2000, you would have had the mensy. I looked like the picture in your book of Paorisais (picture number two, "How to Cure Skin Diseases"), but now I am as clear as any person ever was. Through force of habit I rub my hands over my arms and legs to scratch once in a while, but to no purpose. I am all well. I scratched twenty-eight years, and it got to be a kind of second nature to me. I thank you a thousand times. Any one who reads this may write to me, and I will answer: me, and I will answer it. DENNIS DOWNING, Waterbury, VL

FIMPLES, blackbeads, red. rough, chapped and elly HANDS Soft, white, and free from chaps and redness, skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

of the sun to air and dry. In accordance with Hamilton on the graces, At makit pieces of carpet into on the graces, At makit pieces of carpet in the sun to air and dry. In accordance with Hamilton on the graces, At makit pieces of carpet in the sun time Hassan had duly inspected the ceilar, had it swent out clean, and any possible of the sun to air and the sun to air and the sun to the sun to

"May I ask you a question, Miss Dora "he demanded, with a deep meaning in his voice. "You may, Clarence," she replied wearily, "but if if the same one you saked lattuckletes last week, it may interest you to know that Lulu and I are bork in the Martimonial Trust this year and the combination is helding together so far."

A Million Boxes A Year.

Brandreth's Pills purify the Blood, stimulate the Liver, strengthen the Kidneys, regulate the Bowels. They were introduced in the United States in 1885. Since that time over fifty millions of boxes of Brandreth's Pills have been consumed.

This, together with thousands of convincing testimonials from all parts of the world, is positive evidence of their value.

Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-opated.

AND THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TWO